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JUNE MEETING, 1885.

The meeting of the Society was held on Thursday, the 11th instant; Dr. ELLIS, the President, in the chair.

The Recording Secretary read his notes of the last meeting.

The Librarian reported the accessions to the Library, including a gift from the family of the late Mr. George Ticknor, consisting of more than one hundred volumes of bound pamphlets and nearly two hundred separate unbound pamphlets.

The Corresponding Secretary announced that Chief Justice Brigham had accepted his election as a Resident Member.

Mr. Edward Bangs, of Boston, was chosen a Resident Member of the Society.

Mr. COBB presented for the Cabinet certain articles which had been given to the Society by the late Robert Treat Paine, who had prepared the accompanying communication:—

For the Historical Society of Massachusetts, a few old relics, which it is hoped will be acceptable to the Society, from Robert Treat Paine, May, 1885, Brookline, Mass.¹

1. The old repeating-watch purchased by my grandfather in 1757, when on a visit to England, and which, as I have been many times told, he always wore, and did wear on July 4, 1776. I resided with him at his house in Boston (corner of Milk and Federal Streets), which was imported from England in 1694, and taken down in 1826; and many times he showed and struck the watch. It was given to me by my aunts, Mrs. Clapp and Mrs. Greele, about fifty years ago.

2. A piece of the Rock of Plymouth, broken off by some young men by violence in 1831, who became so frightened at the excitement

¹ Robert Treat Paine was born in Boston on Oct. 12, 1803, and was the third bearing his name. His father was a graduate at Harvard College in 1792, and his grandfather, who graduated in 1749, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Paine belonged to the class of 1822. He was a member of the Suffolk Bar, and for three years was one of the Common Council of Boston. He devoted himself particularly to astronomical studies. For many years he was a member of the committee on the Observatory of Harvard College, and on different occasions he made extended journeys to witness noted eclipses. He died at his home in Brookline, June 3, 1885,—on the day after this memorandum was dated,—in his eighty-second year.—EDS.

caused by the disruption, they hastened to give the pieces to others, and this piece to me in 1831, on my return from Cape Cod, where I had been to observe the *annular* eclipse of Feb. 12, 1831.

3. A medal (supposed to be the first of the kind in the United States), given to Robert Treat Paine, Jr. (H. U. 1792), in January, 1794, for a poetical ode at the opening of the first theatre in Boston. Belonging to me since my father's death in November, 1811, at the age of nearly thirty-eight.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE (H. U. 1822)

JUNE 2, 1885.

(written with great difficulty).

Dr. CHANNING inquired if the word "meeting-house" was ever used in England before the year 1649, or in this country before 1633. He then spoke of the records of the Atherton Company as throwing light upon passages in the Trumbull Papers, which have recently been published by the Society.

Dr. GREEN made the following remarks : —

It is stated, in Nathaniel Ames's Almanack for 1731, that the appearance commonly known as the Northern Lights was first seen in New England during the year 1719. This statement is borne out by several early writers usually considered accurate and trustworthy. It is made with such circumstantial details that it carries a strong deal of probability and easily misleads the reader. The writer of the Almanack says : —

"Strange and wonderful have been the prodigious Effects of Nature of late Years, in the production of terrible Thunder & Lightning, violent Storms, tremendous Earthquakes, great Eclipses of the Luminaries, notable Configurations of the Planets, and strange *Phænomena* in the Heavens: The *Aurora Borealis* (or Northern Twilight) is very unusual, and never seen in *New-England* (as I can learn) 'till about 11 Years ago: Tho' undoubtedly this *Phænomenon* proceeds from the concatenation of Causes. For hot and moist Vapours, exhaled from the Earth, and Kindled in the Air by Agitation, according to their motion may cause strange Appearances. I do not say that this is the true Cause of these Northern Lights; but that they are caused some such way must be granted: Nor must they be disregarded or look'd upon as ominous of neither Good nor Ill, because they are but the products of Nature; for the great GOD of Nature forewarns a sinful World of approaching Calamities, not only by Prophets, Apostles and Teachers, but also by the Elements and extraordinary Signs in the Heavens, Earth and Water."

The same account of this appearance is substantially given in "A Letter to a Certain Gentleman," &c., published at Boston in 1719, and reprinted in the second volume, first series, of the Society's Collections (pages 17-20). The writer, whose name is not given, speaks of it as "a wonderful *Meteor*," though from the description it was certainly a display of Northern Lights, and he gives the date as Dec. 11, 1719. This account is also confirmed by the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Trumbull in his Century sermon, delivered at North Haven, Connecticut, on Jan. 1, 1801, who says in a note that —

"The aurora borealis, or northern light is a new appearance, in the heavens, to this country, peculiar to the eighteenth century. It had been seen in Great Britain, especially in the north of Scotland, for many centuries past, but even in that country it had not appeared for eighty or an hundred years, until March 6, 1716. Its first appearance in New England was on the 17th of December, 1719."

Dr. Abiel Holmes, in "The Annals of America," follows Dr. Trumbull, and gives the same date. It is interesting to note that "The Boston News-Letter" of Dec. 21, 1719, does not mention the fact, nor does "The Boston Gazette," of which the first issue appeared also on that day. These were the only newspapers printed in the Colonies at that period; and they contained but little more than items taken from the English journals, which perhaps is the reason that no reference is made to the novelty.

The late Dr. Edward A. Holyoke, the centenarian physician of Salem, writes: —

"The first Aurora Borealis I ever saw, the Northern or rather Northeastern Sky appeared suffused by a dark blood-red coloured vapour, without any variety of different coloured rays. I have never since seen the like. This was about the year 1734. Northern Lights were then a novelty, and excited great wonder and terror among the vulgar."

This extract is taken from the Memoir of Dr. Holyoke, prepared in compliance with a vote of the Essex South District Medical Society, and published at Boston in the year 1829 (pages 77, 78).

It will be noticed that Dr. Trumbull gives March 6, 1716, as the first appearance of the Aurora Borealis in England. This

corresponds nearly with a note given in "The Poetical Works of William Collins" (London, 1827), printed in explanation of the following lines from his Ode on the popular superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland:—

"As Boreas threw his young Aurora forth,
In the first year of the first George's reign,
And battles rag'd in welkin of the North,
They mourn'd in air, fell, fell Rebellion slain!"

The note says:—

"By young Aurora, Collins undoubtedly meant the first appearance of the northern lights, which happened about the year 1715; at least it is most highly probable, from this peculiar circumstance, that no ancient writer whatever has taken any notice of them, nor even any one modern, previous to the above period" (page 114).

These several references seem to show that during the early part of the last century the Northern Lights were generally unknown in New England, a fact due perhaps to their rare occurrence. Probably also the continuity of tradition in regard to them was broken, owing to the want of newspapers and the lack of general letter-writing among the people.

Governor Winthrop in his History of New England, under the date of Jan. 18, 1643, makes the following entry, which undoubtedly refers to the phenomenon under consideration:—

"About midnight, three men, coming in a boat to Boston, saw two lights arise out of the water near the north point of the town cove, in form like a man, and went at a small distance to the town, and so to the south point, and there vanished away. They saw them about a quarter of an hour, being between the town and the governour's garden. The like was seen by many, a week after, arising about Castle Island and in one fifth of an hour came to John Gallop's point. . . . The 18th of this month two lights were seen near Boston, (as is before mentioned,) and a week after the like was seen again. A light like the moon arose about the N. E. point in Boston, and met the former at Nottles Island, and there they closed in one, and then parted, and closed and parted divers times, and so went over the hill in the island and vanished. Sometimes they shot out flames and sometime sparkles. This was about eight of the clock in the evening, and was seen by many. About the same time a voice was heard upon the water between Boston and Dorchester, calling out in a most dreadful manner, boy, boy, come away, come away: and it suddenly shifted from one

place to another a great distance, about twenty times. It was heard by divers godly persons. About 14 days after, the same voice in the same dreadful manner was heard by others on the other side of the town towards Nottles Island" (vol. ii. pp. 184, 185).

Chief Justice Sewall in his Diary writes under the date of Dec. 22, 1692, that —

"Major General [Winthrop] tells me, that last night about 7 a'clock, he saw 5 or 7 Balls of Fire that mov'd and mingled each with other, so that he could not tell them ; made a great Light, but streamed not."

The last expression would seem to imply that he was familiar with appearances in the heavens which did stream. This must also refer to the same phenomenon.

In "The New-England Weekly Journal," Oct. 7, 1728, appears the following : —

"On Wednesday Night last [Oct. 2] between 7 & eight a Clock, there was a bright appearance of the *Aurora Borealis*, which continued for some time and then dwindled away ; the next Morning between 4 & 5 it appear'd again much brighter, when large streaks of Light extending themselves a vast way towards the *Zenith*, which on the approach of Day-light by degrees disappeared."

In the same newspaper of Nov. 10, 1729, it is recorded that —

"On Wednesday Night last [Nov. 5] we had here a very bright appearance of the *Aurora Borealis*, or Northern Twilight, and we hear that the same was so remarkable at Rhode-Island that it was surprizing to the Inhabitants there."

These two extracts make no allusion to the novelty of the Aurora ; but perhaps after a few years this had worn off.

In the Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (vol. ix. p. 101), is an elaborate chapter "On the Secular Periodicity of the *Aurora Borealis*," by Professor Joseph Lovering of Harvard College, in which the writer shows that its display in former times was much less frequent than it is at present.

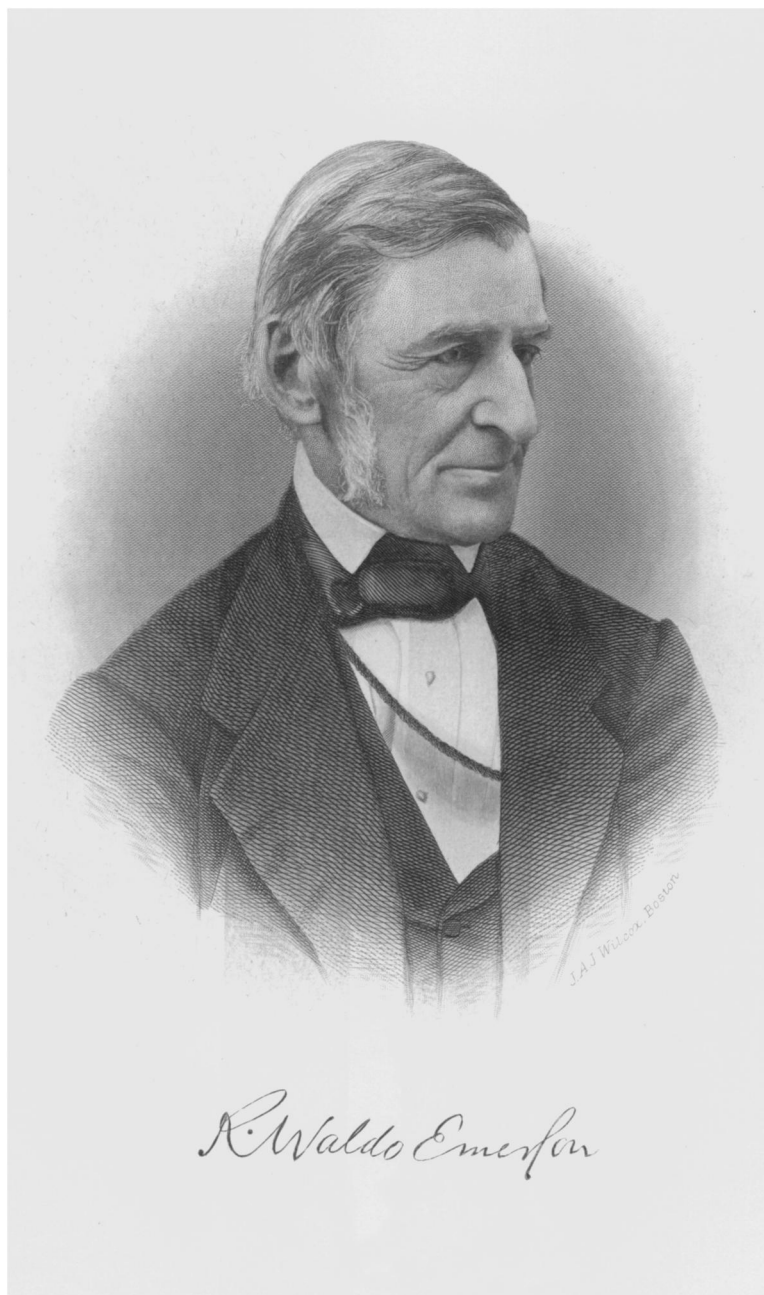
Mr. YOUNG presented from Miss Caroline Simpkins, of Boston, a little pamphlet containing an appeal in behalf of a Cent Society, which was formed in Boston on May 26, 1802, the

object of which was to procure Bibles, and which, it is believed, was the germ out of which the Massachusetts Bible Society, which was founded in 1809, grew.

A new serial, containing the Proceedings from March to May inclusive, was laid on the table by the Secretary.

It was voted that the meetings of the Society be suspended until October, the President and Secretary having power to call a special meeting, if necessary.

Dr. CLARKE read portions of a memoir of the late Ralph Waldo Emerson.



MEMOIR
OF
RALPH WALDO EMERSON, LL.D.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

IN preparing the memoir of our late distinguished associate, I shall not find it necessary to enter into the details of his life, or to speak particularly of his literary works, methods, or judgments. All this has been fully and ably done in previous biographies. Among these I may especially refer to the very thorough work of the Rev. George Willis Cooke and the later admirable biography by our associate Dr. Holmes. Mr. Cooke's work is full of interest and value; and that of Dr. Holmes will, I think, be always regarded as one of the best biographies in the language. We may also refer to a collection of lectures upon Mr. Emerson delivered at the Summer School of Philosophy in Concord by different speakers. Mr. Moncure D. Conway has published a volume called "Emerson at Home and Abroad," which may be described as bright, sympathetic, inaccurate, entertaining, and unreliable. It gives no hint of the source of Emerson's power, the nature of his convictions, or the character of his literary work. It emphasizes his negations, and passes too lightly over his affirmations, and thus obscures the very quality which was the chief source of his power.

Mr. Emerson was born in Boston on the 25th of May, 1803. His father, who died when he was eight years old, was minister of the First Church in this city. The Rev. William Emerson was an excellent preacher and writer, one of the editors of the "Monthly Anthology," and associated in thought and work with Buckminster, Kirkland, Channing, Thacher, and Norton. A member of this Society, he was interested in his-

torical and literary matters; and his son was brought up in an atmosphere of pure thought. Ralph Waldo Emerson graduated at Harvard in his eighteenth year, and in 1829 was settled as preacher over the Second Church in Boston. I went with Margaret Fuller to hear him preach, one Sunday afternoon, in the old church at the North End. I recollect that we were both impressed by the calm, sweet, and pure strain of thought which pervaded the discourse. He resigned his position in 1832, visited Europe in 1833, and on his return to America went to live in Concord. Shortly after, he began to lecture; and the rest of his life was passed in lecturing and writing. But there ran in his veins the blood of seven generations of New England clergymen, and he remained essentially a preacher to the end of his days. Whatever form his discourse might take, it was always animated by spiritual truth and moral purpose. Whether he gave lectures on English Literature, or wrote a Battle Hymn, or printed articles in the "Dial," or made an Anti-slavery Speech, or delivered a Phi Beta Kappa Oration, or sang a song to the Humble-bee, he was a teacher of religion and righteousness. Unable to belong to any sect, or permanently to subscribe to any system of opinion, he was yet in sympathy with the affirmations of every faith. He believed firmly in the three essential truths of religion, — God, Duty, and Immortality. But he believed these truths, not from outward testimony or argument, but from the higher testimony of the soul itself. He was the great Intuitionist of our day, resting all his convictions on the primal deliverances of the consciousness. He had no metaphysics with which to bind these insights into a system, no arguments with which to silence an opponent. Hence the fragmentary character of his utterance, and the want of progress in his thought. In every new paragraph he seemed to be setting out afresh, and the sentences in each of these paragraphs would confirm the belief of those who hold that no two atoms ever come in contact. But this very absence of continued purpose disarmed opposition. Who could oppose him when there was nothing to oppose? As he proceeded, they who disapproved of his first statement would find themselves agreeing with the second; they who were confused by one sentence and thought it obscure or paradoxical, would be filled with delight at what followed, which might illuminate

the whole range of experience and clear up doubts which had long harassed them.

Perhaps in this mental characteristic the two friends Carlyle and Emerson came nearer than in any other. In each, insight, apprehension, *aperçu*, exceeded method, comprehension, and logical force. Each frequently found himself on the two opposite sides of the same question. A good telescope has two qualities, — defining power and space-penetrating power. Carlyle and Emerson excelled in both qualities; but Emerson had a more subtle discrimination, and Carlyle took in a wider field. Neither could found a school of thought, but each was an inspiration to his time. Each was a prophet; but Carlyle was a prophet like John the Baptist, a Voice crying in the Wilderness. Emerson was a prophet of light and love, overcoming evil with good, dispelling darkness with light, and always comforting our souls by announcing that the Kingdom of Heaven was at hand.

It is the duty of one who writes a memoir for the Historical Society to endeavor to fix the historical position of his subject. This at best can be only an endeavor; but I think we shall all now admit that Emerson's place in history is distinct and permanent. He is an original mind, not repeating in finer forms the staples of common opinion, but moving the world from some point outside of the world. Fed by the traditions of the past, and a debtor to every inspired soul who had preceded him, he also received the inspiration intended for himself from the beginning. He opened his mind to the new light which his time required and which God was ready to impart. Thus all he said was vital, not with novelty, but with originality. That pure limpid stream from a new Helicon came for the refreshing of the nations. Men of the most opposite positions and training, Tyndal and Huxley, Dean Stanley and Martineau, heard him speaking in their own tongue. His word passed easily over the common boundaries of thought. State lines, mountains, and ocean were no impediment. And to-day his word runneth very quickly; for it is not *his* word, but the word to which he has listened.

“The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
For out of thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air.”

Let me try to describe the mental and spiritual condition of New England when Emerson appeared. Calvinism, with its rigorous dogmatism, was slowly dying, and had been succeeded, by a calm and somewhat formal rationalism. Locke was still the master in the realm of thought, Addison and Blair in literary expression; in poetry the school of Pope was engaged in conflict with that of Byron and his contemporaries. Wordsworth had led the way to a deeper view of Nature, but Wordsworth could scarcely be called a popular writer. In theology a certain literalism prevailed, and the doctrines of Christianity were inferred from counting and weighing texts on either side. Not the higher reason, with its intuition of eternal ideas, but the analytic understanding, with its logical methods, was considered to be the ruler in the world of thought. There was more of culture than of original thought, more of trained excellence of character than of moral enthusiasm. Religion had become very much of an external institution. Christianity was believed to consist in holding rational or orthodox opinions, going regularly to church, and listening every Sunday to a certain number of prayers, hymns, and sermons. These sermons, with some striking exceptions, were rather tame and mechanical. In Boston, it is true, Buckminster had appeared,—that soul of flame, which soon wore to decay its weak body. The consummate orator, Edward Everett, had followed him in the Brattle Square pulpit. Above all, Channing had looked with a new spiritual insight into the truths of religion and morality. But still the mechanical treatment prevailed in many and perhaps a majority of the churches of New England, and was considered on the whole to be the wisest and safest method. There was an unwritten creed of morals, literature, and social thought, to which all were expected to conform. There was little originality, and much repetition. On all subjects there were certain formulas which it was considered proper to repeat. “Thou art a blessed fellow,” says one of Shakspeare’s characters, “to think as other people think. Not a man’s thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine.” The thought of New England kept the roadway. Of course, at all times, a large part of the belief of the community is necessarily derived from memory, custom, and imitation. But in those days, if I remember them aright, it was regarded as a kind of duty to think as every one

else thought, a sort of delinquency or weakness to differ from the majority.

If the movements of mind are now much more independent and spontaneous; if to-day traditions have lost their despotic power; if even some of those who nominally hold an orthodox creed are able to treat it as an excellent formula, respectable for its past uses and having an historic value, but by no means strictly binding us now, — this is largely owing to the manly position taken by Emerson. And yet, let it be observed, this influence was not exercised by attacking old opinions, nor by argument, denial, and criticism. Theodore Parker did all this; but his influence on thought has been far less than that of Emerson. Parker was a hero who snuffed the battle afar off, and flung himself, sword in hand, into the thick of the conflict. But, much as we love and reverence his honesty, his immense activity, his devotion to truth and right, we must admit to-day, standing by these two friendly graves, that the power of Emerson to soften the rigidity of time-hardened belief was much the greater. It is the old fable of the storm and sun. The violent attacks of the tempest only made the traveller cling more closely to his cloak; the genial heat of the sun compelled him to throw it aside. In Mr. Emerson's writings there is scarcely any argument; he attacks no man's belief, he simply states his own. His method is positive and constructive. He opens the windows and lets in more light. He is no man's opponent, the enemy of no one. He states what he sees, and that which he does not see he passes by. He was often attacked, but never replied. His answer was to go forward, and say something else. He did not care for what he called the "bugbear consistency." If to-day he said what seemed like Pantheism, and to-morrow he saw some truth which seemed to reveal a divine personality, a supreme will, he uttered the last, as he had declared the first, always faithful to the light within. He left it to the spirit of truth to reconcile such apparent contradictions. He was like his own humble-bee: —

"Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

His first little book, a duodecimo of less than a hundred pages, called "Nature," published in 1836, already indicates these qualities. It begins thus, with statements which were then paradoxes, but are now commonplaces:—

"Our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, criticisms. The foregoing generations beheld God and Nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy our original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight, and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? . . . The sun shines to-day also. . . . Undoubtedly we have no questions to ask which are unanswerable."

This was his first doctrine,—that of self-reliance. He taught that God had given to every man the power to see with his own eyes, think with his own mind, believe what seemed to him true, plant himself on his instincts, and, as he says, "call a pop-gun a pop-gun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth declare it to be the crack of doom." This was manly and wholesome doctrine. It might, no doubt, be abused, and lead some persons to think they were men of original genius when they were only eccentric. It may have led others to attack all institutions and traditions, as though, if a thing were old, it was necessarily false. But Emerson himself was the best antidote to such extravagance. To a youth who brought to him a manuscript confuting Plato, he replied, "When you attack the king, you ought to be sure to kill him." But his protest against the prevailing conventionalism was healthy, and his call on all "to be themselves" was inspiring.

The same doctrine is taught in the introductory remarks of the editors of the "Dial." They say they "have obeyed with joy the strong current of thought which had led many sincere persons to reprobate that rigor of conventions which is turning us to stone, which renounces hope, and only looks backward, which suspects improvement, and holds nothing so much in horror as the dreams of youth." This work, the "Dial," made a great impression, out of all proportion to its small circulation. By the elders it was cordially declared to be unintelligible mysticism; and so, no doubt, much of it was. Those inside, its own friends, often made as much fun of it as

those outside. Yet it opened the door for many new and noble thoughts, and was a wild bugle-note, — a reveillé calling on all generous hearts to look toward the coming day.

Here is an extract from one of Emerson's letters from Europe, as early as March, 1833. It is dated at Naples.

“And what if it be Naples! It is only the same world of cake and ale, of man and truth and folly. I will not be imposed upon by a name. It is so easy to be overawed by names, that it is hard to keep one's judgment upright, and be pleased only after your own way. Baia and Pausillippo sound so big that we are ready to surrender at discretion, and not stickle for our private opinion against what seems the human race. But here's for the plain old Adam, the simple genuine self against the whole world.”

Again he says: “Nothing so fatal to genius as genius. Mr. Taylor, author of ‘Van Artevelde,’ is a man of great intellect, but by study of Shakspeare is forced to reproduce Shakspeare.”

Thus the first great lesson taught by Mr. Emerson was Self-Reliance; and the second was like it, though apparently opposed to it, — God-Reliance. Not really opposed to it, for it meant this: God is also near to *your* mind and heart, as he was to the mind and heart of the prophets and inspired men of the past. God is ready to inspire *you* also, if you will trust in him. In the little book called “Nature,” he says, —

“The highest is present to the soul of man, — the dread universal essence, which is not wisdom, or love, or power, or beauty, but all in one; and each entirely is that for which all things exist and by which they are. Believe that throughout Nature spirit is present, — that it is one, — that it does not act upon us from without, but through ourselves. . . . As a plant on the earth, so man rests on the bosom of God, nourished by unfailing fountains, and drawing at his need inexhaustible power.”

And so, in his poem called “The Problem,” he teaches that all religions are from God, — that all the prophets, sibyls, and lofty souls who have sung psalms, written Scripture, and built the temples and cathedrals of men, were inspired by a spirit above their own. He puts aside the shallow explanation that any of the great religions ever came from priestcraft.

“ Out from the heart of Nature rolled
 The burdens of the Bible old,
 The litanies of nations came,
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
 Up from the burning core below,
 The canticles of love and woe.

.

The word unto the prophet spoken
 Was writ on tables yet unbroken ;
 The word by seers or sibyls, told
 In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
 Still floats upon the morning wind ;
 Still whispers to the willing mind.
 One accent of the Holy Ghost
 The heedless world hath never lost.”

In all that Emerson says of Nature, he is equally devout. He sees God in it all. It is to him full of a divine charm. “ In the woods,” he says, “ is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign, and we return to reason and faith.” “ The currents of the Universal Being circulate through me. I am part or particle of God.” For saying such things as these he was accused of Pantheism. And he *was* a Pantheist, — yet I think only as Paul was a Pantheist when he said, “ In Him we live and move, and have our being,” “ From whom, and through whom, and to whom, are all things,” “ The fulness of him who filleth all in all.” Emerson was, in his view of Nature, at one with Wordsworth, who said, —

“ The clouds were touched,
 And in their silent faces he could read
 Unutterable love.
 Sensation, soul, and form
 All melted into him; they swallowed up
 His animal being, — in them did he live.

 And by them did he live, — they were his life.
 In such high hour
 Of visitation from the living God,
 Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.”

Emerson has thus been, to our day, the prophet of God in the soul, in nature, in life. He has stood for spirit against matter. Darwin, his great peer, the serene master in the

school of science, was like him in this, — that he also said what he saw, and no more. He also taught what God showed to him in the outward world of sense, as Emerson taught what God showed in the inward world of spirit. Amid the stormy disputes of their time, each of these men went his own way, — his eye single, and his whole body full of light. The work of Darwin was the easier; for he floated with the current of the time, which sets at present so strongly toward the study of things seen and temporal. But the work of Emerson was more noble; for he stands for things unseen and eternal, — for a larger religion, a higher faith, a nobler worship. This strong and tender soul has done its work, and gone on its way. But he will always fill a niche of the Universal Church, as a New England prophet. He had the purity of the New England air in his moral nature, a touch of the shrewd Yankee wit in his speech, and the long inheritance of ancestral faith incarnate and consolidated in blood and brain. To this were added qualities which were derived from some far-off realm of human life, — an Oriental cast of thought, a touch of mediæval mysticism, and a vocabulary derived from books unknown to our New England literature. No commonplaces of language are to be found in his writings; and though he read the older writers, he does not imitate them. He also, like his humble-bee, has brought contributions from remotest fields, and enriched our language with a new and picturesque speech, all his own.

One word concerning Mr. Emerson's relation to Christ and to Christianity. The distinction which he made between Jesus and other teachers was, no doubt, one of degree and not one of kind. He put no gulf of supernatural powers, origin, or office between Christ and the Ethnic Prophets. But his reverence for Jesus was profound and tender. Nor did he object to the word Christian or to the Christian Church. In recent years, at least, he not unfrequently attended the services of the church in his town; and I have met him at Christian conventions, a benign and revered presence.

In the cemetery at Bonn, on the Rhine, is the tomb of Niebuhr the historian, — a man of a somewhat like type, as I judge, to our Emerson. At least some texts on his monument would be admirably appropriate for any stone which may be placed over the remains of the American Prophet and Poet

in the sweet valley of tombs in Concord. One is from Sirach, xlvii. 14-17 : —

“How wise wast thou in thy youth, and filled with understanding!
Thy soul covered the earth, and filled it with dark parables!
Thy name went far unto the islands, and for thy peace wast thou beloved!
The countries marvelled at thee, for thy songs, and proverbs, and parables, and interpretations! ”

And equally appropriate would be the Horatian line, also on Niebuhr's monument: —

“ Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus tam cari capitis.”

Mr. Emerson died at his home in Concord, April 27, 1882.